to pick it up before it got lost. I could tell he wanted it. I told him to buy himself something for the weekend. He grinned and put it in his pocket.

Or was that a grimace?

He stayed late that shift and reminisced about Stacy, a worker who had died in his sleep a few months ago. He said Stacy stayed late with him a lot. It was as if he didn't want to go home. He was middle-aged, married, with children. It was common.

WELCOME

TO

*

If I made myself an extra cheese sandwich in the kitchen (I made them out of our horrible "Wonder" bread and "plastic" processed cheese slices), he'd chide me, "Young man, that's your second cheese sandwich today." Just as he taught me how to slice a pineapple, he taught me that when you made grilled cheese sandwiches healthy brown bread "just wouldn't do." You had to use white. He'd see me reaching for the loaf of whole wheat bread and say "You don't know what you're doing, do you." I was 10 years older than him. He seems fixed in time and place. I'm still moving, but I'm not conscious of doing anything. I'm not responsible. I let it happen.